

"On That Tree the Pterodactyl Was Perched."

means by which Maple White and his ill-fated comrade had made their ascent.

E were too excited to return to the camp, but must make our first exploration at once. Lord Roxton had an electric torch in his knapsack, and this had to serve us as light. He advanced, throwing his little clear circlet of yellow radiance before him, while in single file we followed at his heels.

The cave had evidently been waterworn, the sides being smooth and the floor covered with rounded stones. It was of such size that a single man could just fit

through by stooping. For fifty yards it ran almost straight into the rock, and then it ascended at an angle of forty-five degrees. Presently this incline became even steeper, and we found ourselves climbing up on hands and knees among loose rubble which slid beneath us. Suddenly an exclamation broke from Lord Roxton.

"It's blocked!" said he.

Clustering behind him, we saw in the yellow field of light a wall of broken basalt which extended to the ceiling.

"The roof has fallen in!"

In vain we dragged out some of the pieces. The only effect was that the larger ones became detached and threatened to roll down the gradient and crush us. It was evident that the obstacle was far beyond any efforts we could make to remove it. The road by which Maple White had ascended was no longer available.

Too much cast down to speak, we stumbled down the dark tunnel and made our way back to camp.

NE incident occurred, however, before we left the gorge, which is of importance in view of what came afterward.

We had gathered in a little group at the bottom of the chasm some forty feet beneath the mouth of the cave, when a huge rock rolled suddenly downward and shot past us with tremendous force. It was the narrowest escape for one or all of us. We could not ourselves see whence the rock had come; but our halfbreed servants, who were still at the opening of the cave, said that it had flown past them, and must therefore have fallen from the summit. Looking upward, we could see no sign of movement above us amid the green jungle which topped the cliff. There could be little doubt, however, that the stone was aimed at us; so the incident surely pointed to humanity—and malevolent humanity—upon the plateau.

We withdrew hurriedly from the chasm, our minds full of this new development and its bearing upon our plans. The situation was difficult enough before; but, if the obstructions of nature were increased by the deliberate opposition of man, then our case was indeed a hopeless one. And yet, as we looked up at that beautiful fringe of verdure only a few hundred feet above our heads, there was not one of us who could conceive the idea of returning to London until we had explored it to its depth.

On discussing the situation, we determined that our best course was to continue to coast round the plateau in the hope of finding some other means of reaching the top. The line of cliffs, which had decreased considerably in height, had already begun to trend from west to north, and, if we could take this as representing the arc of a circle, the whole circumference could not be very great. At the worst, then, we should be back in a few days at our starting point.

We made a march that day which totaled some two and twenty miles, without any change in our prospects. I may mention that our aneroid shows us that in the continual incline which we have ascended since we abandoned our canoes we have risen to no less than three thousand feet above sea level. Hence there is a considerable change in the temperature and in the vegetation. We have shaken off some of that horrible insect life

The Piece of Furniture on which Hangs the Life of the Child

An Epidemic of "summer complaint" broke out in a New York hospital. The cause was of course, sought wildly. The source of the milk supply was proved perfect but the milk itself was poison. What was finally found is as follows:-

THE temperature of the refrigerator in which this milk was kept had attained "70 degrees!" And yet the ice chamber was full of ice—the air was apparently cold. No one had thought, for these simple reasons, that such a condition could exist. But the fact that it did-cost lives!

The thing that occurred was germ multiplication, in milk that was up to the usual purity standard—the same milk you buy every day. There was not a thing wrong but the "ice box."

But one germ in "fresh" milk in 24 hours can breed 7,000 others—even at 68 degrees. In 48 hours, at 68 degrees these germs can increase 7,000 times more. The moral is this:—

There's a refrigerator called the Bohn Sython.

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The moral is this:—

There's a refrigerator called the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator. It costs a trifle more than common kinds. But it maintains from 42 to 48 degrees and stays so dry that salt kept in it doesn't cake. It practically arrests germ multiplication even in milk 48 hours old—and most milk is that old when you get it. It is a machine in which there is constant action—the syphoning of pure, fresh, dry air throughout every square inch of each food compartment.

This is the kind of refrigerator that saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and most saves lives—the kind you ought to have for your child—and you have you you have you have

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